

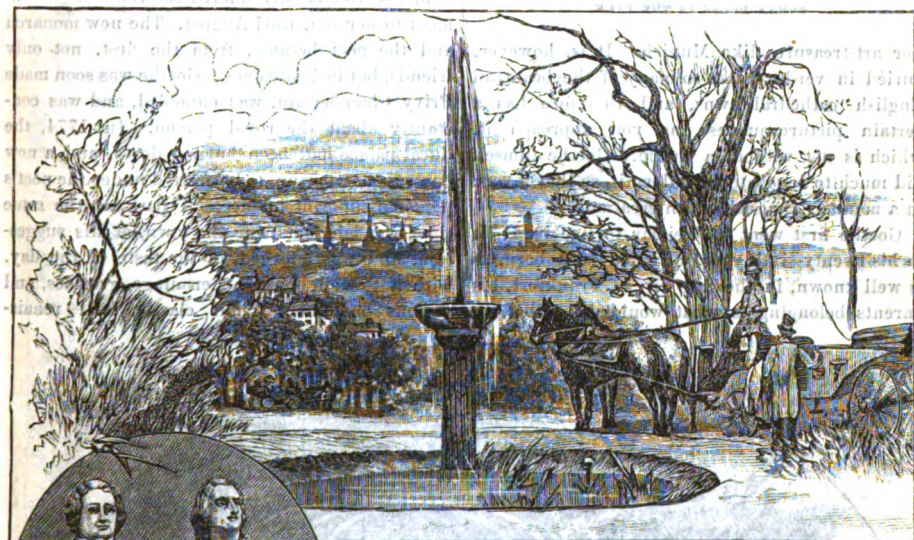
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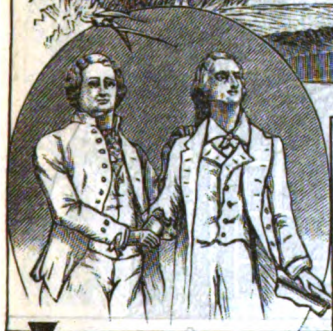
No. 5

HOMES OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

BY MARY VAUGHAN JONES.



VIEW OF BELVEDERE FROM THE PARK.

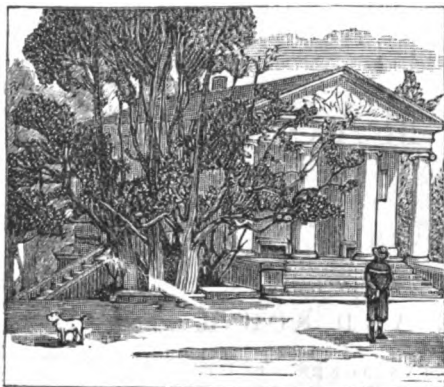


GOETHE AND SCHILLER MONUMENT.

LOOK back on the years I spent in Germany as among the most delightful of my life. Thoroughly to appreciate the Germans, one must stay in the "father-land" long enough to be welcomed in German homes, so as to see all the various phases of German every-day existence. For, when familiarly known, the honesty of the Germans, their frankness, their want of pretense, and their hearty enjoyment of simple pleasures, win a first place for them in our hearts.

The two greatest poets of Germany are unquestionably Goethe and Schiller. It was not without a purpose that they are represented, on the well-known famous monument, as standing with clasped hands; for, while they followed different walks in poetry, they were, so to speak, complementary to each other, forming together a perfect whole. Goethe will always be the favorite of the more cultivated and subtle intellects; but Schiller has a hold on the popular heart and imagination which the greater poet never succeeded in securing. I had long desired to visit Weimar, where both Goethe and Schiller had resided, but my wishes were not gratified until just before I left Germany, as I now fear, forever.

Weimar is but a dull deserted town, not far from the famous Jena, and is chiefly interesting because Goethe lived there so long. It has neither natural beauty of situation like Wilhelmshöhe,



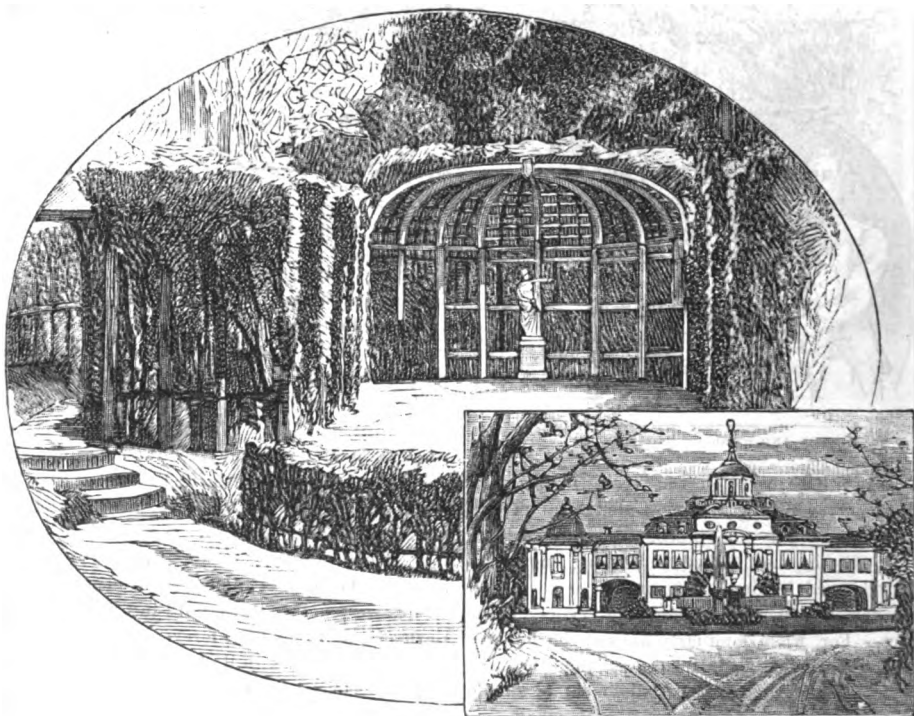
ROMAN HOUSE IN THE PARK.

nor art-treasures like Munich. It is, however, buried in verdure, like so many of the beautiful English cathedral-towns, and therefore has a certain picturesqueness, as you approach it, which is not without a charm. Goethe himself did much to renovate and adorn it, so that it was, in a manner, almost his own creation.

Goethe first went to Weimar to live in 1775, in his twenty-sixth year. He had been born, as is well known, in the free city of Frankfort, his parents belonging to what would be called, in

England, the upper middle-class. He himself was not only one of the greatest geniuses that Germany has ever produced, but he was exceedingly handsome in person, and courteous in manner—altogether a finished man of the world. The little principality of Weimar was then ruled over by the Princess Amalia, as Regent for her son—one of the most remarkable women of her time. It was she who invited Goethe to Weimar, as she had invited Wieland before him, and Herder and others; and so gave the first impulse to that culture of letters, in the secluded capital, which made it, in a small way, almost a rival, in that respect, to Rome, in the Augustan age.

A year after Goethe settled at Weimar, the Princess Amalia surrendered the reins of government to her son, Karl August. The new monarch and the poet became, from the first, not only friends, but intimate ones. Goethe was soon made Privy Chamberlain, was ennobled, and was constantly about the royal person. In 1774, the ducal palace had been burned down, and a new one was now begun, to be erected under the poet's personal superintendence. A park, at the same time, was laid out near the town, at his suggestion, and was adorned, in the taste of the day, with a Roman house, a hermitage, grottoes, and various monuments. half classic, half renaiss-



BELVEDERE AND GARDEN-THEATRE.

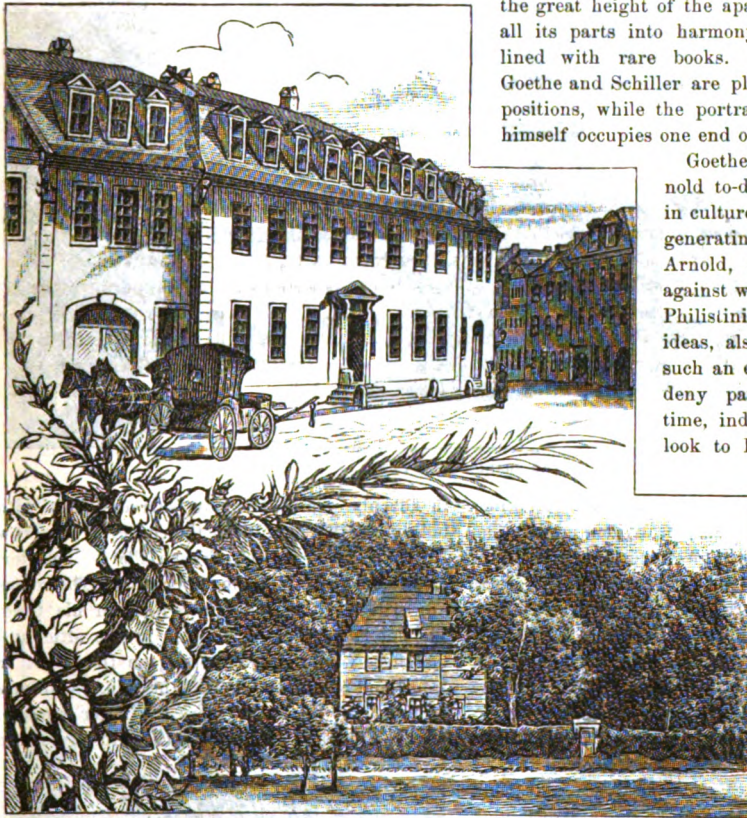
sance. A belvedere and garden-theatre were also erected, where it was the fashion for the higher classes to go, and where the petty nobles tried to persuade themselves they were playing the part of grand seigneurs at the Court of Louis XIV.

Goethe built for himself a cottage in this park, where he spent more than two-thirds of his time, though in winter he resided in the town. His dwelling here was a substantial two-story edifice, which is still standing, and is a good type of the unpretending domestic German architecture

constituting the furniture of the former. The bed-room, where he died, is the smallest and least pretentious of all, having but one window.

The grand-ducal library is another of the edifices built under Goethe's supervision. We found it located on a little hill, near the park. At first it seemed older than it really is, in consequence of its round antique-looking tower, covered with ivy. Its principal feature is a long and lofty hall, the ceiling frescoed with a copy of Annibal Caraccio's *Genius of Fame*, while galleries, carried on flat elliptical arches, break the great height of the apartment, and bring all its parts into harmony. The walls are lined with rare books. Colossal busts of Goethe and Schiller are placed in prominent positions, while the portrait of Karl August himself occupies one end of the hall.

Goethe, like Matthew Arnold to-day, was a believer in culture, as a means of regenerating mankind. Like Arnold, also, he preached against what the latter calls *Philistinism*, and carried his ideas, also like Arnold, to such an extent as almost to deny patriotism. At one time, indeed, he seemed to look to France and to the first Napoleon to redeem Germany and the world. Nevertheless, his influence over Karl August, as a ruler, was always for the benefit of his people. "The greatest good of the greatest number" was his favorite political motto.



GOETHE'S TOWN-HOUSE AND PARK-COTTAGE.

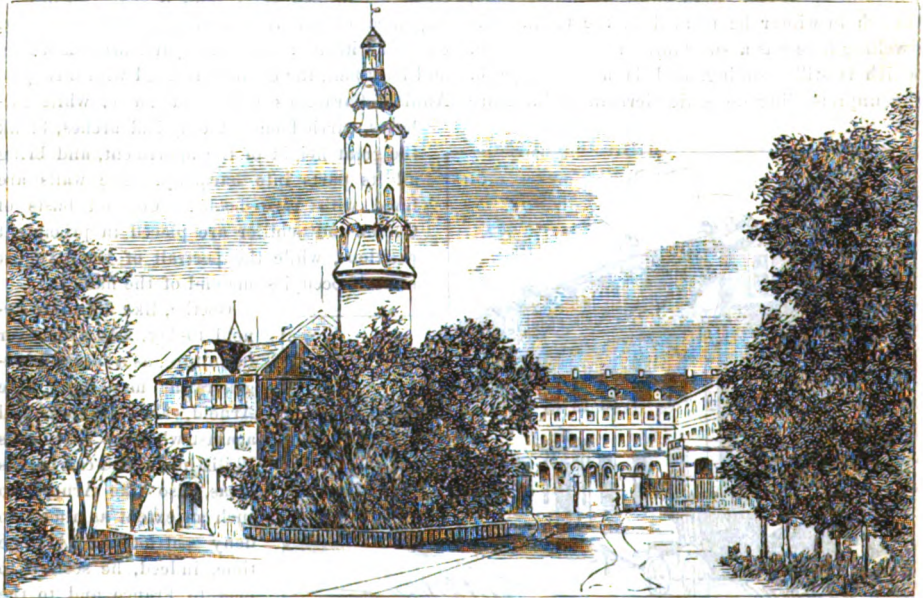
of the last century. When we visited it, we were ushered into a spacious hall below, from which a grand staircase led to the upper story, where we saw the rooms that Goethe lived in. Works of art adorned the walls, the refinements of luxury were all around. But, having passed these reception-rooms, we found the apartments which the poet had reserved for himself quite plain. Here was his work-shop, there a chamber devoted to scientific apparatus; a wooden chair, two simple tables, and an ordinary writing-desk

The chief portion of Goethe's life, after he went to Weimar, was spent, as we have said, in his cottage in the park. It still remains unaltered, and is an unpretending little building, two stories high, but charmingly situated, and, when we visited it, was embowered in roses and clambering vines. The poet occupied the upper rooms. Some of the furniture he used was yet there, now become shabby; a writing-table especially, on which, it is asserted, he wrote "*Faust*." Rose-colored hangings, as in his time, were still at the

casements, filling the room with that ruddy light of which he was so fond. The windows themselves command a charming prospect of changing perspective, of woodlands and grassy stretches, of gentle undulations, and of shifting light and shade. The cottage is partly surrounded, how-

ever, by a thicket of trees, which, in one direction, shuts off the view.

About a mile from the cottage, on the borders of the park, stands the house of Charlotte Von Stein. Of all Goethe's many Platonic favorites, she was the chief, and his intimacy lasted longer



THE GRAND-DUKE'S CASTLE.

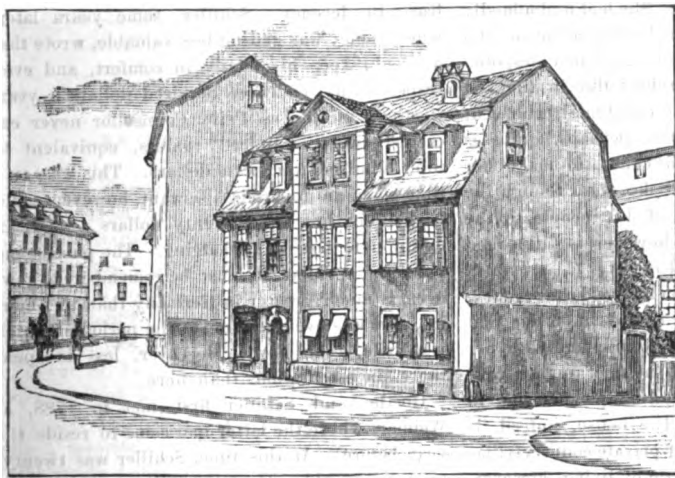
with her than with any other woman. His time, indeed, for many years, was divided between her dwelling and his own. We found her house quite quaint, an even finer specimen of German domestic architecture than Goethe's town-house, and much more spacious. Before it, as we drove up, stood, in stiff rows, the very orange-trees, in their boxes, which had been there in the poet's time. The sun shone brightly on the gay façade, and the windows, in long rows, seemed so many wide-open eyes, bidding us a welcome. Everything about the place spoke of woods, and fields, and flowers, and a thousand tender associations. A broad well-shaded avenue leads from the park to the belvedere. Here also is another ducal palace, with an extensive view, and, near it, a pretty little theatre, where stiff German counts used to air their sixteen quarterings, and stiff dames rustle their aristocratic silks.

In the park is also an ancient bench, which is said to have been a favorite seat with Schiller, who also lived at Weimar, though not for so long a period as Goethe. The house he occupied in the town is still standing. When he resided there, it was on the outskirts of the little city; but the growth of the place—for even Weimar has grown

in seventy years—has now surrounded it with buildings. We found it at the corner of a narrow lane, not far from the Frauen Platz. Schiller, like Goethe, occupied the upper story. The rooms are still kept just as they were in his time. The one he used as a study is in the attic, and has three windows, two looking on the street in front, and one on the lane at the side. Schiller's writing-desk is placed before the latter window. An old-fashioned spinet, with the thin legs of the



SCHILLER'S SEAT IN THE PARK.



HOUSE OF SCHILLER.

last century, and a guitar, are also kept there, both having belonged to Schiller. Behind the house is a garden, where the poet is said to have often worked.

Schiller was never so intimate with the grand duke as Goethe. Unlike the latter, he lived and died poor. But, to the credit of Goethe, it must be said that he had nothing of time-serving in him. It is equally to the credit of Karl August, that he was on terms of absolute equality, as between man and man, with Goethe: and this was the more remarkable because the German courts were distinguished, at that time even more than at present, for their rigid ceremonial. Goethe tells how, in the early days of their intimacy,

love of stiff ceremonial, she was a brave and high-minded woman. In the heyday of the first Napoleon's successes, when all Northern Germany lay prostrate at his feet, after the battle of Jena, she dauntlessly confronted him, and won terms from the conqueror which neither the duke, nor Goethe his minister, had ventured even to ask.

A higher type of woman, however—one of the very highest—was the Princess Amalia, of whom we have already spoken. She was married at sixteen, was soon left a widow, and practically ruled the duchy from the time she was eighteen until her son, Karl August, came of age. To this day, the people of the little duchy talk of those "happy times," when she was Regent, in a tone

they used to sit talking, late into the night, and often till "both fell asleep on the same sofa." The poet even introduced considerable informality into the general life at court, much to the annoyance of Karl August's wife, the Duchess Louise, who had been brought up to look on formality and strict etiquette as the first of princely duties. The difference in taste, in this and other respects, between her and her husband, helped to make the earlier years of their marriage quite unhappy. But notwithstanding this



HOUSE OF CHARLOTTE VON STEIN.

that almost recalls Arcadia. She had undoubtedly very fine traits of character, both as a woman and as a ruler, and, though she governed despotically, as all German sovereigns did in the last century, it was in the mildest and most beneficent way. Her example assisted, perhaps, quite as much even as Goethe's influence, to make her son the kind master that he was, though he never won the affections of his people to the extent she did. His reign, however, is still looked back on, with affection and regret.

When the Princess Amalia resigned the regency, she left Weimar for a year or two, in order that she might not be supposed to interfere with her successor. On her return, she took up her residence at Tieffurt, a small and simple mansion in the vicinity of Weimar. The house, indeed, is not so large as thousands of private country-villas in America. The whole scale of living, however, in the little duchy, was comparatively economical. Schiller, in one of his letters, writes rather enviously of Goethe, because the duke's liberality had enabled him to go to Italy, and travel, "on a salary," to quote Schiller's words, "of eight hundred thalers earned by idleness," the thaler representing about seventy-five cents. Weiland, Karl August's first tutor, received only four hundred and fifty dollars salary; and was afterwards given a pension of not quite one hundred and twenty dollars, which was thought sufficient, nevertheless, to support himself, at

least, in decency. Schiller, some years later, when money was getting less valuable, wrote that he could keep his family in comfort, and even respectability, on three hundred dollars a year. Goethe's income as Privy Counsellor never exceeded twelve hundred thalers, equivalent to nine hundred American dollars. This was at a time when an upper-class servant, however, could be had for less than twenty dollars a year, in addition to board and lodging. The purchasing power of a dollar, it must be remembered, however, is much greater in Germany than in America, and was even greater, at the period of which we write, than now. Moreover, less is spent there, in ostentation, than here.

Goethe and Schiller first met in 1788, at Weimar, where the latter had come to reside the year before. At this time, Schiller was twenty-nine years old. Though not so many-sided as Goethe, nor with such wide sympathies, he had greater force of character, and intenser, if narrower, feelings. He soon acquired remarkable influence over Goethe, which he always exercised, to his credit, to stimulate and ennoble the latter. It was during their friendship that Goethe produced all his really best works. Schiller married in Weimar, but died early at the age of forty-six. Goethe, who was born ten years before him, survived him for nearly twenty-seven years, or until 1832. His last words, it is said, were "mehr licht."



TIEFFURT: HOUSE OF PRINCESS AMALIA, REGENT.